

*"See, the Ship in the Bay is Riding"***"See, the Ship in the Bay is Riding"**

Here; here is the man; here:  
Slumped in the deck chair, knee  
Over knee; conning a book.  
A scarf of cork cowl his  
Chin; his eyebrows lift a  
Little; his dipping lashes  
Screen off our gaze. Briny  
Locks droop towards his brow and  
Make a point by his ear.  
A man who's reading hasn't  
Seen Elysium. Our  
Thoughts bend towards the page, which  
The fingers of his left  
Hand protectively grasp.  
Our thoughts--where are they? Where  
Do they go when the tide  
Goes out--when we go with  
It towards the sea?

**Barry Blumenfeld****Barcode Area**

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